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Go ahead and rant

rant   anger

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Chapter 1 by Laura Frost

Are you pissed off? Upset? Incredibly angry? Really emotional right now? Have something you need to get off your chest?

Then this story is for you.

Go ahead. Pour out your soul. Be pissed offed for a while. Don't bury it.

I'll go first.

A few months ago, for reason's I can't remember, I was, in no uncertain terms, angry. Quite angry, in fact. When I get angry, I feel the need to break things. Throw them against walls, snap them in half, hit them repeatedly with a hammer. So, I did. To the remote for the T.V. in what my parents refer to as the 'teen hangout'.

I walked around for two months, terrified that they would find out, which dissolved into hating myself, which dissolved into more anger and a booster to my depression.

They were not pleasant months.

Recently, it came up in a conversation involving my whole family that the remote downstairs was broken.

"Oh, yeah, we've known about it for a while, now."

I admitted that I was the one that broke the remote, and that was where the conversation ended. No punishment. No questions. No nothing.

They didn't even give a shit.

Yeah, that was great for my depression. Who cares about you? Not your parents! Ha. Ha. Ha.

So go ahead if you have anything to say. Trust me, it helps.

Chapter 2 by madelyn_a   ✐

Have you ever felt like a 'filler friend'? Like, its not like people - necessarily - hate you, you're just... there? You're never included in conversations, or invited to go places, and no one really cares about you? You're just there to be there. In conversations, every word means nothing to everybody included. Ignored, as usual.

Also, why doesn't ANYONE like me? I've already accepted the fact that I'm ugly and stupid, believe me. I am still just the jealous type of person, so whenever the popular girls in my school, or my supermodel friends complain that they're 'ugly', 'got a bad grade', or 'I look so bad in this photo', I want to punch something. They have NO idea what it's like to be the one person out of your group of friends that's ugly, stupid, AND has anger issues. All my 'friends' try and support me, but I know they're lying when they say "Don't worry, Madelyn, there's so many people out there!". "You're so pretty! Why are you complaining?". "Your life is great! You don't know what REAL sadness is like."

Well, you KNOW WHAT? So what if I've wanted to just disappear since age 9. It's not like any of YOU know what it's like to cry yourself to sleep every night...

Thank you so much for listening. It does feel really good to just RANT. I feel a lot better. I guess.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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